

THE YOUTH'S REALM

JULY

Vol. 4,
No. 7.

1898.

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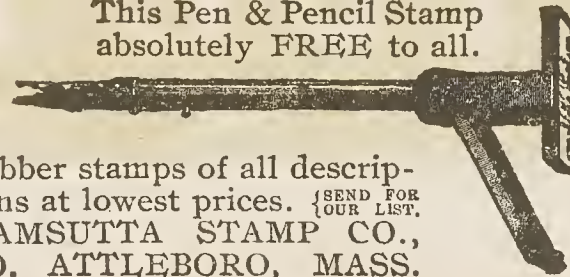
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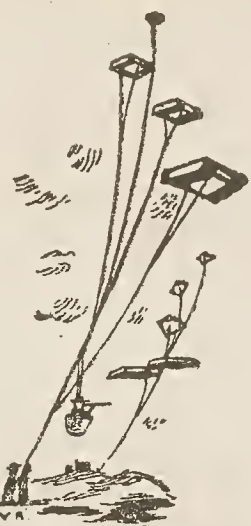
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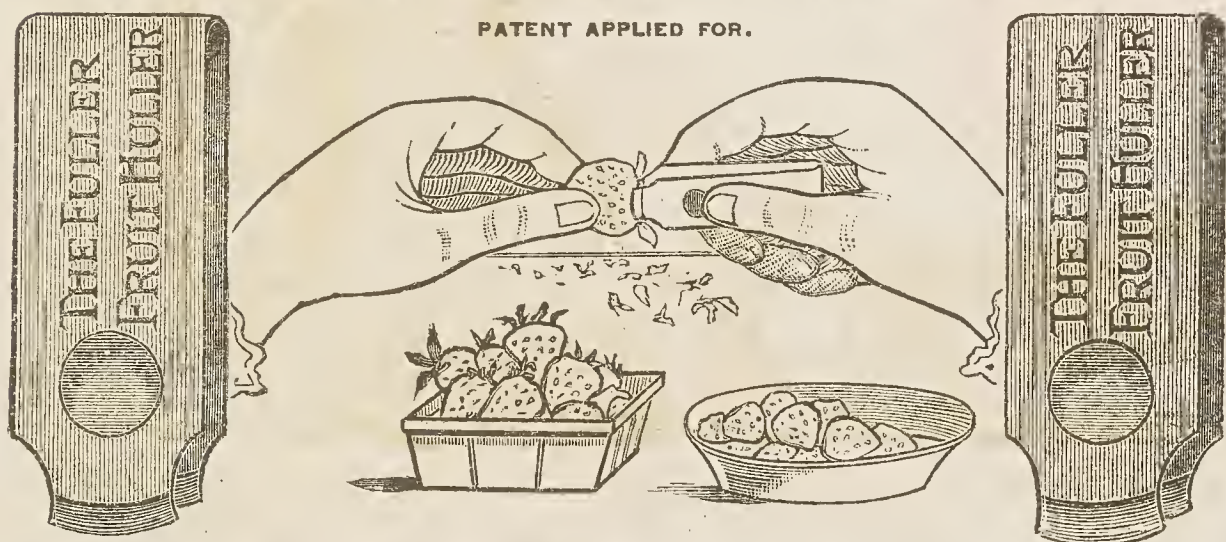
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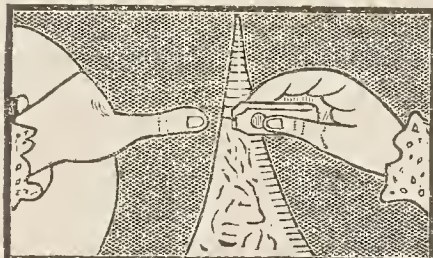
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VOL. IV.

A. BULLARD & CO.,
97 PEMBROKE ST.

BOSTON, MASS., JULY, 1898.

35 AND 50 CENTS A
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NO. 7

Written for The Youth's Realm.

THE ENEMY IN THE BAY.

CHAPTER III.

NOTHING has been said thus far of the plans and motives of the enemy. This side of our story must now be told, commencing back some twenty-four hours from the time of closing our last chapter.

A violent storm, as you know, has been raging off the coast. Many a craft has become helpless in the turbulent sea and either gone to the bottom or drifted upon the shore a useless wreck. The wind has been blowing towards the land driving in with it all sorts of floating objects found on shipboard. A strange time this for a hostile ship to be found off the coast, without a native pilot, or anyone on board possessing a knowledge of the land about the shore—a ship bent on a silent mission. As the storm increased the management of the ship became next to impossible. Tossed about upon the giant waves, it runs the risk of being dashed to pieces upon some hidden reef. It has attempted to run into the bay for shelter, but loses the channel and becomes helpless. Then the anchors are cast and, to save their own lives, the small crew jump into row boats and unobserved reach the shore nearby.

The enemy seek shelter under the tall trees of the forest where they prepare to spend the night. A damp, cold place, but better than an exposed ship left to the mercy of the waves. There are more than fifty men in the crew and not a morsel of food for any of them the next morning. In their haste to escape from the ship nothing was thought of but to save the rifles and jump into rowboats, trusting to luck to reach the shore without the capsizing of the small boats. All the men had thus escaped unhurt, but they were not out of their difficulty yet. During the remaining night a close watch was kept over the deserted vessel which tossed and groaned in the restless waters until at last the anchor chains broke and the ship began to drift. Had the wind taken it to sea all chances of returning to it, after the storm, would have been lost. Fortunately it was moving in another direction—up the bay, towards the harbor of Powder Town. Its slow progress was due to the wind and several small leaks which caused the ship to fill gradually with water and become almost too heavy to float.

Towards morning the storm somewhat abated and the enemy met in council to decide what should be done. They first planned to attack the nearest farm houses to obtain a supply of food, and then move on the town

and demand a surrender. But the size of their force would have made this a dangerous move, so they finally decided to attack Powder Town by sea, provided that they could reach their vagrant ship without being discovered. A thick fog hung over the water all the forenoon, and the rain continued to fall; but the high wind had gone down and there was no longer any danger on the sea from that quarter. Two men ventured out in a boat to look for the ship, but they ran upon a rock which bored a hole in the bottom of their lifeboat and they barely escaped. The enemy had one other boat ashore but they concluded not to use it until the atmosphere became clear enough for them to locate their ship in the bay. Then they were to row hastily towards it. Meanwhile they proposed to march through the woods and come out on the shore again at a point nearer to the town, and about opposite the spot where they imagined their ship would be lying. They took their only life boat with them. It was a hindrance to the march, but they moved on slowly.

Before they had been in the woods an hour they lost their way. That is because they marched along an untravelled road which followed the shore for awhile but continued straight ahead where the shore bent in another direction, leading them quite out of their way. On account of the boat which they carried it was necessary to keep in the road while marching through the forest.

In the afternoon the weather cleared but the enemy were unable to profit by it for some hours. It was already evening before they came to a cross road which would lead them back to the shore. Hitherto they had met nobody on that road, and felt safe in their seclusion, but right ahead, at the top of a hill, they saw a wagon with two boys in it and an overturned boat. Robert and Harry were the boys so you will now recall this unexpected meeting to which reference was made in a previous chapter. It would have been a great advantage to the enemy to capture a wagon. If the two strangers were allowed to escape they feared the boys would give the alarm that a company of soldiers was on the march towards Powder Town, and that they would be outnumbered and made to surrender before reaching the water. But the boys, you know, got away, owing to the position of the road and the advantage of having a horse.

The enemy now lost no time in making for the shore. If they delayed they ran the risk of being overtaken. As soon as they could reach their ship they proposed to sail into the harbor, capture the town, reload their vessel with food, coal and other plunder, and for the sake of a victory burn the village before they sailed away.

When they reached the shore they were glad to see their deserted ship still afloat, and near at hand. Nobody had discovered that

for eighteen hours the ship was without its crew. This was owing to the weather, and the lack of confidence on the part of mariners to venture near it. Then it must be remembered that the bay was of great area and that the vessel was still some miles from the harbor, inside of which the only settlement for miles around was to be found.

The first boat load of marines consisted of fifteen men. This was all that could be carried at one time on the enemy's life-boat. In ten minutes they were out in the channel, several hundred yards ahead of the floating ship. She was moving slowly towards them, passing, at the time, between two points of land which almost touched. The enemy were now rowing to meet her and in a moment more would be on board. Once in control of the ship's guns and it mattered little whether they were discovered or not. A moment more of suspense and all danger would be over. It was dark, and they had little fear of spies.

Their ship, though half full of water, had weathered the storm and could be carried into the harbor for slight repairs, they believed. It was a great floating fort, powerful enough to level any town on the Maine coast in less than one hour, when properly manned. Was Powder Town to be its first victim? That moment, one would have answered "Yes." The next moment the course of events were completely changed.

There was a terrible explosion!

High into the air rose a mountain of flame, smoke, and water, like a volcano in the midst of the sea. It carried up with it a shower of broken timbers and fragments of various other material from the exploded ship. The waves dashed their contents on the shore with a force of rocks hurled from a mountain side, and the sea was an irregular mass of translucent flowing hills and valleys which no storm could produce upon the waves. No single flash of lightning falling from the skies ever did such damage. It was like a thunderbolt curiously shot from the lower regions of the earth into the clouds with the power of all the opposing forces of nature combined in one single assault. The land for miles around trembled, as with fear.

When the smoke cleared away and the waters became quiet nothing remained of the enemy's ship. But here and there, in the water, fifteen men from a capsized boat were struggling to reach the shore. Their comrades on the land, without a boat, were powerless to help them.

Brave Robert and Harry, who had blown up the ship from their position behind the rock, did not consider their duty wholly done. They must now row to the rescue of the men who had been upset, and help them ashore. The enemy were so near to the ship at the time of the explosion that the boys believed that some must have been injured by the shock or by fragments hurled into the air.

One by one the men who were unable to swim ashore were picked up by the boys. None seemed to be injured but several were very much exhausted, and were a long time recovering.

Help was now coming from all directions. The loud report of the explosion was heard miles away. People in the town who saw that their danger was over came rushing out of their hiding places, now only too willing to help. Rusty guns which would never fire helped frighten the enemy, who were on both sides of the shore, a surprised, helpless, hungry band, into a hasty submission, without the loss of life or limb on either side. This closed the war in Powder Town, all to the honor of brave Robert and Harry who thereafter became the most popular boys on the Maine coast.

We regret that we cannot devote some space to a description of Powder Town immediately after the events which have just taken place. There was rejoicing on every hand, even at the home of Colonel Ames who, stimulated by the glad news of the victory of his two illustrious sons, began to improve in health, and, on a later day, fully recovered.

This finishes our story of the enemy in the bay, but those of our readers who have become interested enough in the Ames boys to desire a further account of their life history will be given an opportunity, in future numbers of the Realm, to hear of their later adventures, beginning next month with the story of a newspaper correspondent who has been sent into Cuba during the war period.

The Eiffel Tower Twisted.

The daily movement of the Eiffel Tower, due to expansion and contraction, has been studied by Colonel Bassot, who recently explained to the Academy of Sciences that the expansion of the metallic components of the structure produces a torsion movement from sunrise to sunset. This movement is repeated in an inverse direction during the night, as the column becomes cooled, so that the lightning-rod on the summit of the tower is in constant motion. Colonel Laussedat, director of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, being appealed to for confirmation of Colonel Bassot's statements, stated that he had carefully followed Colonel Bassot's investigations, which extended over ten years, and that the results given were perfectly exact. The laws of the expansion and contraction of iron by heat and cold are well known, and the tower simply obeys the physical law of temperature influence. In summer the expansion is greater than in winter, and the movement reverses at night, owing to contraction due to the cooling down of the mass. Yet this twisting, this torsion, in no case compromises the solidity of the structure, which is absolute.

Fish Saves a Vessel from Sinking.

A rock and a fish saved the good ship Nelson from sinking. The vessel was bound from Liverpool to New Zealand and when off the coast of New Zealand went on a rock in a heavy gale. She

floated almost immediately and the sailors were enabled by great diligence at the pumps to keep her afloat until she could make port. The vessel was subsequently examined by a diver. In his report he stated that in one of the holes a piece of rock was jammed and in another a fish was tail first, and both were responsible for preventing the water flowing in to a greater extent.

Written for THE YOUTH'S REALM.

Uncle Sam's Vacation.

Uncle Sam, last week, I met,
Mounted on his wheel.
"Mornin' Sir;" I said to him,
"Well, I trust, you feel!"

"Ah!" said he, "hard work of late
Puts me under weather;
More fresh air, a little rest,
Then I'll feel much better."



"Foreign lands held by my men,
Vict'ries on the sea,
Towing armies out of port,
Is new 'biz' for me."

"Doctor says a ride each morn,
Sound sleep every night,
No anxiety, will soon
Bring me 'round all right."

STILTS OF MUD.

"I had an experience during the war that I can never forget," said an old soldier, who now lives in Western Kentucky.

"I was coming to Pulaski county, Kentucky, from down in Tennessee, on parole, and had for a companion a neighbor boy who was coming on the same mission as myself, to see a sick parent. Just after we had come over the line into Kentucky we encountered a hard rain storm, a regular gully washer and root soaker. We took refuge under a tree during the storm, but resumed our journey after the cloud passed over. When we got on the road again we found it almost impassable, the stiff blue clay clogging up under the insteps of our shoes until we couldn't walk at all.

"The further we went the more of the sticky clay we picked up, and our loads of 'stickum,' as my friend called it, got so heavy we positively couldn't navigate. When we cleaned off the mud we would make a few steps, only to find ourselves loaded down again. At various times I was walking with the clay clogged up on the soles of my shoes nearly fifteen inches thick, and it raised me up like stilts. As long as we stayed on that mountain our progress was hindered in that way. We met a farmer walking up the hill who said the mud would stick just like gumbo, and it was always so in rainy weather. It took us five hours and a half to get down one mountainside, and we were so tired after that half day of nerve exhausting toil we had to stop for the night. I never saw much clay before or since, and I hope I never shall have to walk in any again."

"What is it I am chewing?" asked the man coming out of the drug store in response to a query from his companion. "Why it's ginger root and it's a fine thing to nibble on between meals. It is a great tonic, too, and a digester. Will you have a nibble?" and he extended a bit of the root to the other man.

"Thanks, no," said the other. "How long have you been doing it?"

"Couple of years or such a matter."

"Have you tried to quit it since you began?"

"Of course not. Why should I?"

"Suppose you try to quit."

"Why?"

"Simply to test the strength of the ginger habit. I had it once. A friend of mine talked to me just as you are doing and I, thinking it was a harmless kind of thing, bought a nickle's worth and tried it for indigestion, I think it was. Anyhow, whatever it was, I tried the ginger, and before I knew what I was about it was as necessary for me to have ginger root to chew on as it is for a tobacco chewer to have tobacco. Its stimulating effect had become a need I had to meet, and as soon as I felt the force of the habit I preceeded to break myself of it. I did it, as any habit almost may be got rid of, but I want to tell you it was no easy job, and if you doubt me just you throw that away you have and try going without it for a week."



ONE OF THE BOYS.

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

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CHAPTER I.



a moment he called Will Mallory to him as he stood there.

"Mallory, your father has been hurt at the mill. You are to go home at once, but you are to stop for the doctor as you go. This man is from the mill."

As Will Mallory followed the man down the stairs, fairly leaping as he went, and as they ran down Linden street together the man explained that in stepping backward at the sawmill Mr. Mallory had tripped. He had thrown out his hand involuntarily to catch his balance and had cut his arm badly on one of the circular saws, "one of them little ones that trims the laths at the ends, you know."

But Will was not very curious as to which saw had been guilty. Once at the end of Linden street, he ran through his uncle's garden. He swung himself by his arms to the top of a ten foot board fence which bounded that garden and then dropped on the other side. Then he crossed the Amos pasture at a 4:20 pace, took the picket behind Dr. Morton's garden with a flying leap and so came to the doctor's office door. Celina, the black woman, saw him as he passed the kitchen window, and the door opened almost as soon as he could have wished.

"Doctor in?"

"No; he is jest gone—gone to Elder Perkins' and then to the crossroads. You is jest too late."

But before these words were well spoken the boy was gone. From the doctor's gate he took up on the sidewalk the steady pace which had been well trained in hare and hounds. At the first corner he saw the chaise not 200 yards before him. Then with a spurt, to which the doctor's calico horse was by no means equal, he overhauled the team in a very few seconds and still had wind enough to tell his story when he had stopped the doctor. The doctor bade him spring into the carriage, which he did with a certain doubt, being quite certain that he should make the time better alone. But, to do the old calico justice, he also rose to the emergency, and in a very few minutes they were at the door of Will Mallory's house. His mother was standing there, pale, but able to speak cheerfully to him. In a moment more, with his hand roughly bound, but bleeding so that his clothes

were covered with blood, Mr. Mallory appeared in the carriage which had been found for him at the mill. He was holding his arm up and resting it upon the perpendicular stay of the wagon top, but Will could see that with every stroke of the heart a fresh spurt of blood was forced out from the rough bandage.

Everybody was in time. "If the thing must happen," said Dr. Horton to his wife at dinner, "it happened as well as it could. That sensible Jane Mallory had her head on her shoulders. In five minutes' notice she had her basins and her bandages and her water and ice all ready. Jove, I did not ask for a thing that was not there. Will, he was as cool as if he had been in the army and had seen a thousand men bleeding to death. He held his father's arm while I was stitching and twining, never said a word, and yet he saw the whole, and he could do that thing tomorrow as well as I can. Mallory was quiet, made no fuss. Well, you know Mallory would not. He's got to be laid up for a month before he can do much with that hand."

CHAPTER II.

I have told this incident in the earlier life of Will Mallory because a good deal depended on it. He staid at home that day almost of course. The next day his mother told him that it would be better for him not to go to school, but to be ready for errands to the mill and elsewhere and to be on hand when Dr. Morton came.

When Will went to school to bring home his books, a business which has a certain sacred aspect in a large school, the boys received the announcement that he was to stay at home for the rest of the term with general disapproval, but Will explained that as long as they chose he would be captain of the football team and play with the nine, and, though his half holidays and whole holidays would not be as regular as theirs, he hoped to co-operate still in most of the enterprises they all had on hand for the public good and their own entertainment, and this promise he well maintained.

So there began for the boy six happy and eventful months. He was his father's companion and friend. The arm got well and was only a little stiff, but even after it was well enough for Mr. Mallory to write Will did not go back to school. His father had learned too well what was the pleasure of having such a companion at his side. He took Will with him on his rides up the valley to see the lumbermen. He took him with him when he went to caucuses and to the town meeting. As they rode together he explained to Will his plans about the business.

As for book learning, the boy's father made him take an hour in the morning and an hour before tea for regular reading. Then there was something to read at hand always when he was sitting in the office, and he was not permitted to loaf or to waste time.

In his English training he had his own types and his work as a printer. He seemed to have more leisure for these than he had had before. It was not really so, but he made his typesetting "pay in," as he said, with his other work.

It was in setting his own type, in reading his own proof and in printing

accurate circulars that Will learned the correct use of his own language.

CHAPTER III.

"If that Will Mallory was my boy, he would not be going so much to them; steeplechases and football matches and ball clubs." This was the remark of old Mr. Williston, a well preserved army contractor, who lived in a large house with six ionic pillars, a little beyond the Mallory's as you drive out of town on the Plainfield road.

Similar suggestions were made to Mrs. Mallory at the sewing society and by one and another visitor. The "mild police" of the neighborhood was indeed taken with a good deal of surprise at Will's long absence from school.

But one October night Will and his brothers had an opportunity to put the boot on the other leg, and for the rest of the autumn the "mild police" had nothing to say unfavorable to athletic exercises.

Little Jacob Mallory was sent to bed, unwillingly enough, about half past 8 o'clock. His mother was reading "The



The man fired and turned again.

Black Arrow" aloud to the older boys. It was a moonlight night, and before Jacob went to bed he stood looking out of the south window of his room. In a moment, with a certain impetuosity which belonged to the family, he dashed through the passage and down stairs to the sitting room and broke up "The Black Arrow" with the cry: "There are two men on the piazza of old Williston's house! I can see them from my window."

"It is the black burglars!" cried Will, and at the instant he and John and his two older brothers dashed out at the front door. These brothers had fortunately come over from Elmerville, where they were at work, to spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday at home. "You two take the turnpike," said Will, "and David and I will run on this side. You can head them if they try the back way." So he led across his father's garden, cleared the hedge with that running jump which we have seen before and advanced boldly toward old Williston's piazza, but Williston's lawn was a wide one, and before he had crossed a greater part of it he had the mortification of seeing that the two men had caught the alarm. They slid down the posts of the piazza, and, without regard to Mrs. Williston's roses, took

the shortest cut for the country road.

Will screamed to his two brothers, whom he had sent to the rear of the house and who might not see the maneuver of the flying enemy. By changing his own track across the lawn he gained on the two men, who were, however, a good hundred yards in the advance. His older brother followed him, not so well trained as he and indeed not so well dressed for running, but he made a good second.

The country road is perfectly level, and, as it happened, the moon lay so as to shine on both sides, unshadowed by the hedges or trees in the gardens. Will saw in a minute that he was gaining. He knew that he could run at that rate for half an hour, and he did not think, from their appearance, that the two fugitives could. The man in the rear paused a moment and dropped his coat, but Will did not stop for that and bade Harry pass it. At the moment he passed it himself the man stopped, turned and aimed a pistol, crying, "I will fire." Will wasted no words. The man fired and turned again. He now put his revolver on his shoulder and fired without aim. It was the worst thing he could have done. He emptied his barrels uselessly and roused the neighborhood, for every one was awake so early on that lovely October evening. So was it that when he and his partner turned for shelter into the Maunders place, where in the close shrubbery they could have dodged almost any pursuit, they met Hannibal, the stout coachman, who, with a view of cheap glory, had seized Mr. Maunders' revolver from the gun-room when he heard the shots and gone out under the porte cochere. The leading fugitive turned, dismayed, and the man with the empty revolver stood still. Will paused not an instant. Resolute and silent, he came on the poor fellow like a 100 pound cannon shot, flung him from his feet and fell with him on the ground. At the instant Hannibal stepped boldly down.

"Here's de pistol, Master Will. Keerful now. He's loaded."

With the pistol Will was master of the situation. The cries of his brothers and their fast falling steps came nearer and nearer. "Lie where you are," cried the resolute boy, "and stretch out both hands!" and to the other, "Hold up both your hands and stand still, or I'll fire." They were both novices at their business. Both were wholly "blown" with running. A legion of Maunders' women were on the piazza, sounding watchmen's rattles and ringing police alarms. In a minute more the other Mallory boys joined Harry, who was already on the ground.

There was no tying the hands of the prisoners, though clotheslines were produced by Hannibal for that purpose. The triumphant boys bade them still hold up their hands, and in this manner they marched them, Hannibal and Mr. Lewis Jones joining the procession, to the basement of the signal tower of the railroad. Here they were locked in till two policemen could be brought from a station a mile away. The next day they were tried and sentenced to three years each in the house of correction.

So it was that the neighbors ceased to find fault with the boys' athletic exercise.

CHAPTER IV.

Will was not in the Sunday school. He liked to practice with the choir, for his voice had not yet changed, and Mr. Rudolph flattered him a little and told him that he liked to have him sing in the alto part. Now the choir met for practice in the half hour before service, when the Sunday school was still in the vestry. So Will had begged off from the Sunday school and sang with the choir.

As he went into church one day a little early he found three small boys hanging round on the steps. "What's up?" said Will. One of them looked cross, one looked sheepish, and the third only said, "Teacher's mad and turned us out—zif I wanted to stay in!" And he pretended to laugh at such an absurdity. Will took no notice, but went up into the choir gallery and did his best in

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!

But before the rehearsal was over he excused himself, went down stairs and after a little found the three banished boys in the graveyard spelling out the letters on an old Campernoon's tomb. "Silas," said Will, "did not you say you wanted to learn how to print?" "Yes," said Silas eagerly. "Will you show me?" "That's what I've come for," said Will. "I have got a large job for this week, and if you will come round at teatime and eat some crackers on the way, so we need not stop for tea, you shall help me." And then, turning easily to the other two boys, he said, "And you can come, too, if you like."

Now, each of these three boys had a sort of curish idea that he really wanted their imbecile help in his printing. In fact, all the time Will had been singing "Rise, crowned with light," and "A charge to keep I have" he had been thinking that these three boys were going to the dogs as fast as they could go, and he was wondering what he could do to save them. To the three little outlaws it was a great compliment to be invited anywhere by the captain of the boys' football team, and they were gladly on hand on Monday evening. They made a hard evening of it for Will, but he had not expected an easy one. His work with his types advanced very little, but he got a hold on the three boys he never lost. Wednesday afternoon he took them trout fishing with him. Friday he spent the evening with them skinning a mink which John Brotten had trapped and had given to one of them, and when he proposed to them to come round and practice singing at his father's the next Sunday morning they assented, precisely as they would have done had he proposed to them to go into water with him on Saturday afternoon.

"Yes," he said to his mother, "I do not like to give up the choir practice, but if I do not sacrifice something there is no good. Some time I will have them in the choir."

Sure enough, before long the three outcasts from the Sunday school were the three best behaved boys in Mr. Rudolph's choir, and, for the pieces they had had a chance to have, three of his best soprano singers, and when in the spring there was a reorganization of the Sunday school and the sessions were put at the end of service, when Will was appointed assistant librarian, he made Nathan Clarke, one of the black trio, his first runner, and Miss Donnegan was glad to take the other

two into her class without asking why they had been expelled from Miss Davis'.

All this had to be told, because it accounts for a certain devotion which Silas Turgot had for Will ever afterward, resembling indeed the devotion which man Friday had for Robinson Crusoe.

CHAPTER V.

It had always been dimly understood that Will Mallory was to go to school again when the spring term came. "Ten weeks in spring," his father said. "That is what I had, and I do not want you to get out of touch with the other boys. You are no better than they are, if you are no worse," he said fondly and proudly—fondly, for he and Will were like two brothers now.

So Will appeared at school one day with those books which had been carried away after his father's accident.

The teacher hardly knew what to do. He had to take Will. The constitution of the United States provided for that. But where to put him? He was an inch or two taller than the boys he had been classed with before, yet he had never "analyzed" a line of Milton and had no idea where Cape Bryan-Martin was. Still, it would be ridiculous to put such a big fellow in with the little boys who were yet to learn about Cape Bryan-Martin. Why, he was too big for their desks and chairs! So Will was put with the Bryan-Martin boys, was charged to study extra and make up certain implied "conditions," and their leaders, on the other hand, were charged in private not to make fun of his ignorance, because it was not his fault that he was behind. Much did the teacher know about the business. There was no danger that any boy in that class would make fun of Will Mallory.

And to Will the whole thing came with a new zest, which he had forgotten. He found that he listened to the teacher's explanations, which used to seem such a bore. He brought to the matter a certain businesslike interest which surprised the other boys, but he very soon made them fall in with him, as a popular boy, a leader to all.

Will's father went to the legislature that winter, and this meant for Will no daily companion. But he had many irons in the fire, and he did not mean to let them cool. His mother was persuadable, and she agreed that while he kept "out of mischief" he need not go to school. This was his joke, for the boy had quite too much that was of use on his hands to have any time for mere skylarking or tomfoolery.

What Will did was to go to see the publisher of The Argus. He made a bargain with him to come at 6 every evening and set type till 10, when, except on ordinary occasions, The Argus went to press, and Will would not make the bargain till the foreman agreed that Silas Turgot might come at 6 and stay till 8, that Will should correct his proof for him and that the boy should be paid for what he did. This was the kingdom of heaven for the boy, and Will kept him to his other duties by threatening to take him away if he failed. Few men in the office could set type faster than Will. He promised his mother that while this engagement lasted he would sleep an hour every afternoon, and so it proved that when Will's father came home "for good" in

June Will had \$150 in bank as the upshot of his winter's typewriting.

CHAPTER VI.

And so the little story may be brought to an end, for a story should end and should begin like the frieze of a Greek temple, where at one end you see the head of a horse and at the other end see the tail of another, but where you know nothing of the bodies of these two horses. This little Silas could and would do anything which Will Mallory bade him do, and it ended oddly enough after two years in Will's taking him with him when he went to college at Cambridge, for the little boy delighted in his singing. He still had that clear soprano voice, and he had a tenderness and sympathy which compelled him to sing with the spirit. Will had laid up \$300 by his printing and was to enter as a special student at Harvard. Little Silas "took on so," as his mother said, at the idea of parting that she recollected that she had a cousin in Cambridge and, with Will's full approval, sent the little fellow down to spend the winter with her, that he need not be a mile away from his best friend.

The society of an academy or college town is always simple—that is to say, the best people find each other out and come together. Will Mallory was popular with the "fellows" because he was good natured, obliging and simple, partly because he was not afraid in football, and, though he did not pretend to be much of a baseball man, could take his place as a substitute. With the older people in the college he was a favorite for the same reasons. He "confessed ignorance" when he was ignorant; he listened well; he bore a hand when he was asked to; he would sing if Mrs. Bentley asked him to sing; he would play tennis if anybody failed to appear; he did not insist always on having his own way. His two years, and Silas' as well, passed only too quickly.

Then, by what we call an accident, they came to an end before he had really finished the course he had planned.

Silas was reading one of Mr. Stevenson's stories one evening when Commodore Stetson called. Commodore Stetson had invented a new arrangement for an electric signal on board ship, and he had come to consult Mr. Marrer, Silas' uncle, about the details, for Mr. Marrer was an electrician. As always, Silas paid much more attention to what other people were saying than to his own business. So he heard the commodore say that he wanted the new "call" finished, if possible, within a month, for that he had been ordered to the East Indian station and that they should all sail before the 10th of July. Silas could not help thinking how nice it would be to go with him, to have a chance at breadfruit and onagras and lobsters, guava and other luxuries of "Swiss Family Robinson," but he said nothing. Will had made him understand that he must hold his tongue; that "the dumb man's orders still increase."

Even when the commodore went on to say, "I am going to see Mr. Bolles, the secretary, to see whom he can give me for an amanuensis or private clerk," Silas bit his tongue and said nothing. "You see," said this nice, hearty sailor, "I want a young fellow with his eyes open, who has a smack at language,

who can write a better hand than I and make a better sketch than I, and a gen-



"Yes," said Silas. "Will you show me?" He must be, too, who can keep secrets and keep out of quarrels with the midshipmen and the ship's officers." Even then Silas, in agony with biting his tongue, said nothing.

But as soon as the commodore had gone, when Mr. Marrer came back from the door, Silas cried with all his pent up eagerness, "Why cannot Will Mallory go with him?" And his uncle said: "He is just the right person. Why did I never think of him? But it is not too late, Silas." And he sat down and wrote a note to Commodore Stetson and even put on a special delivery stamp to please Silas, and Silas took it to the postoffice.

And they all sailed together. The last I heard of them they were lowering a boat at the opening of Falcon bay, on Mr. Swiss Family's island. The longitude is 185 degrees west and the latitude 7 degrees north. When they come home, I will tell you more.

THE END.

The most persistent creditors and bad-debt collectors in the world are said to be those of India. It is not uncommon for them to literally live upon the doorstep of a debtor for days at a time. It is the custom for the dun to sit at the door of his victim's tent and allow no one to go out except by his sanction. During this siege he neither eats nor allows his debtor to eat. This starvation is kept up until either the debt is paid or the creditor gives up the siege, in which case the debt is considered cancelled.

The laws by which this common practice is regulated are well defined. Not even the chief governors of the country are exempt from it. When the debt is large or the case in some other way important, it is the custom for a number of collectors to surround the tent and sometimes even the bed of the debtor to make sure he takes no food. The law, however, requires, as a matter of fairness that the collector should not eat during the siege, so the strongest stomach wins. This rule, in spite of its absurdity, is paralleled by our own law, which allows starving a jury into a verdict. In some cases the collectors are systematically put through a course of training to enable them to go for a long time without food.

A Ranchman's Remarkable Saddle.

The richly bespangled saddle of the Mexican ranchero has finally been eclipsed, and by an American. The remarkable saddle which has won this distinction for the United States is owned by D. W. Thompson, of Santa Barbara, Cal., and is worth \$4,000. The silver and gold used in its decoration are alone worth \$250.

While Mr. Thompson's home is in Santa Barbara, he has an extensive ranch in Ventura County, Cal., and it is here that he makes use of his notable property. The saddle is of typical Mexican pattern, with a high pommel, well-hollowed seat and the most elaborate of trappings.

The work was done in Santa Barbara under Mr. Thompson's own supervision, and is such as only the Spanish could produce.

The saddle is of the fine embossed leather, set thick with silver buttons and rosettes; the pommel is incased with silver, the corners of the apron are tipped with it, and the stirrups are faced with silver half an inch thick, elaborately chased and carved. The saddle-tree is hung with silver rings to answer the vaquero's requirements.

The girth which secures the saddle in place is woven from horses' manes by native artisans, and is fully eight inches broad. The reins, martingale and whip are composed of solid silver in woven strands. The headstall is covered with fluted silver, with large silver rosettes at the side, and an elaborate nose-piece with a silver chain under the jaw. The bridle, reins and accessories weigh about twelve pounds.

Every year Mr. Thompson adds something to the exquisite beauty and value of the saddle, although it has already cost a sum which represents a very comfortable yearly income.

"He's a Lobster."

The expression "he's a lobster," which has now become so general in colloquial use about town as to convey a clear-cut message of contempt or derision, has a somewhat peculiar origin. There is nothing about a lobster, which the elder Dumas, it may be recalled, described as "the cardinal of the sea," to invite derision; but a few years ago when all winter racing was a customary thing in the vicinity of New York, especially in neighboring New Jersey, a mud horse that failed to realize the expectations of those who bet money upon it was called a "lobster," an allusion to its mode of progression. Horses which had been generally defeated were lobster horses, and as this colloquial expression got to be more general in use on the race tracks, it began to be applied not only to horses but to men and things as well. A lobster car was a car that made slow time; a lobster boat was a boat in which rapid time could not be expected. A lobster calculator was a man who took too long, in the judgment of his critics, to add up an account, and so gradually the name lobster has come to be accepted as a designation of sloth or inferiority and "he's a lobster" has come to be regarded as a phrase of disapproval.

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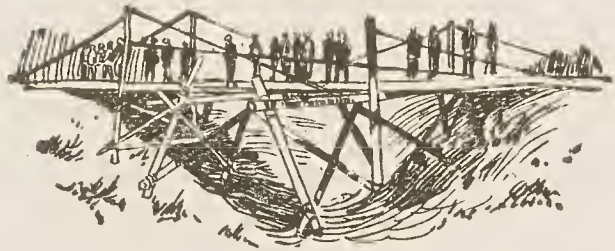
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WAR BRIDGES.

While the War Department at Washington is making inquiries of railroads as to their facilities for the transportation of troops to certain points, the government officials know that railroad tracks do not run directly to the most convenient points for the concentration of a large force of infantry. Survivors of the last war can tell of long marches through unknown country, across ditches, ravines and streams, where the bridges had been destroyed before their advance.

These marches would have been very slow and long drawn out had it not been for the Engineer Corps of the army. The Engineer Corps is in the first place officered by men thoroughly familiar with every detail of the several branches of engineering, and the rank and file of the corps is composed of soldiers perfectly trained.



BRIDGE BUILT IN THREE HOURS.

In the event of this country needing to bring a large force together at any given point along a coast which was some distance from railroad facilities the Engineer Corps would quickly prove its usefulness.

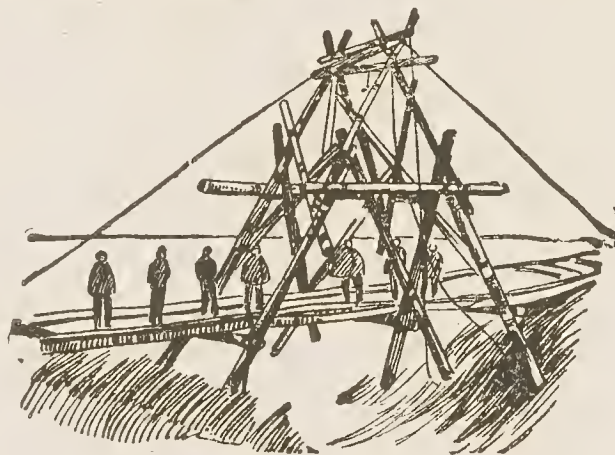
Frequently in time of war bridges must be built in a rush. There is no time to waste for surveying or for boards to decide upon the form of bridge to be constructed. The Engineer Corps is capable of building a very serviceable bridge in about three hours, without having nicely sawed timbers or iron girders hauled to the scene beforehand.

When the orders come for such a

bridge the timber to be used in its construction is in the form of trees standing in the nearest woods. The engineer soldiers quickly fell the trees and trim the trunks free of branches. The limbless trees are hauled to the place where the bridge is to be built, and the actual work of construction begins.

The bridge shown in illustration No. 1 was built at Willets Point, L. I., where the Engineer Corps has its headquarters. This bridge was 82 feet long and crossed a ravine 30 feet deep. The bridge was finished by forty members of Company C, under command of Lieutenant E. E. Schultz, in three hours from the time the men started out in the woods to cut the timber. The floor beams and flooring, which is called "chess," are the same that are used on pontoon bridges, and, with the exception of these and the ropes used in building the bridge, the engineers are required on the march to cut the materials for the bridges they build.

In building the bridge shown in the illustration the men worked with the understanding that the ravine was much deeper and that a deep stream of water ran through the bottom of it, rendering it impassable to the men while at work. Approaching the ravine on one side, the men set several of the spars in position on the sloping bank. After lashing the spars together the guy lines with which they were held in position were slackened gradually, until the spars inclined toward the opposite bank, and then the big lines were securely fastened to hold the spars in the slanting position. Out to the crosspiece, directly over the centre of the ravine, long stringpieces were laid from the bank by the soldiers, and from this frail structure several of the men lowered a long spar to the opposite bank.



A SPAR BRIDGE.

Over this incomplete structure half the force of men made their way one at a time. These men hastily secured spars and made the half of the frame of the bridge on the opposite side and lowered it in position. Timbers were quickly put in place and lashed and the frame became rigid, and the planks were put down, forming the platform over which the entire command of forty men marched back and forth and then gathered on the bridge and had their picture taken.

In another illustration is shown a spar bridge with overhead structure, which is another type of hastily constructed bridge. A model of this bridge about eight feet long, was made by one of the men afterward, and is now on exhibition in the Museum at Willets Point.

Besides the building of rush bridges, the engineer corps has full charge of

the building of pontoon bridges across rivers and all streams of water too wide for the construction of a spar bridge. The pontoons are flat bottomed boats which are carried with an army supply train. The boats are launched and paddled in position and fastened together. This work is very hazardous in time of war, as an enemy from the opposite bank can shoot down the bridge builders. During the last war there was one pontoon bridge built where the men at work upon it were killed at about the rate of one a minute.

The Merchant's Luncheon

THE OFFICE BOY'S DOUGHNUT TEMPTED HIM.

A rich merchant sat at the desk in his office, alone. He leaned back in his chair, and drew a long, hard breath quite like a sigh; for he had been struggling all day with difficult business problems, and he was weary in body and mind. Some people think a rich man never has anything to do; but they little know how hard he often has to work, first to gain and then to keep his riches. It was long past the luncheon hour, and it suddenly occurred to this man that he was faint and hungry; yet he was not ready to leave his work and was about to return to his calculations when he caught sight of a little brown package lying on a shelf near by. It was the package of luncheon which his little office boy brought with him every day, and to-day the boy, having been sent on some distant errand, had not yet had time to partake of it. The merchant arose from his seat, took down the package and looked carefully at it. Just such packages had his own beloved mother tied up for him, when he himself, a poor office boy, first began the career which had brought him to his present splendid position. Slowly he untied the string and opened the package. Two nice sandwiches of fresh home-made bread, with a little cold meat between, a piece of old-fashioned-looking pie, and oh!—a genuine New England doughnut! Tears rose to the eyes of the rich man as memory carried him back to the days of his boyhood, and to the loving deeds of that dear mother. Here was the very luncheon she had often prepared for him! And after a few moments he ate it up, every crumb, with far more enjoyment than an elaborate dinner would have given him, and then, refreshed and comforted, he returned to his work.

Soon after, the belated boy came in, and after reporting to his master, he was surprised to hear him say: "Have you had any luncheon to-day, my boy?" The boy replied in the negative, with a glance at the shelf, when the gentleman said with a smile: "Yes, it is gone. I have eaten it up." Then, handing the astonished boy a five dollar bill, he said: "Go out now and get some luncheon; but I want to thank you for the best one I have had for many a long year. And don't you forget, my boy, to be thankful that you have something which I lost long ago, and that is, a good mother."

THE PUZZLER

No. 206.—Charade.

My FIRST offender 'gainst agrarian laws
Was shot, for no one would defend his cause.

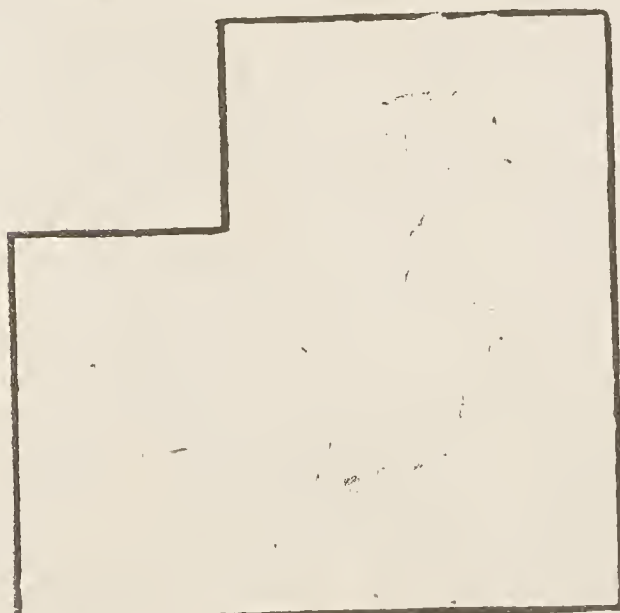
On Mansfield mountain once did dwell
A youth who did my SECOND well.

In gaudy hues my WHOLE you see
A-cheapening a pound of tea.

No. 207.—Stolen Sheep.

A sheepfold was robbed three nights in succession. The first night half of the sheep were stolen and half a sheep more; the second night half the remainder were taken and half a sheep more; the last night, half of the remainder and half a sheep more. There were then two left. How many were there at first?

No. 208.—How Did She Cut It?



In her alterations this spring the lady of the house wished to cut a piece of carpet of the shape here shown to fit a square room. With two cuts she divides it into three pieces which will fit together and form a perfect square, whereas a person geometrically inclined would be apt to cut it into more pieces. How did she cut it?

No. 209.—Mixed Proverbs.

Rearrange to form sentences of the nature of proverbs.

Ten hearsays better is one eyewitness than.

Pain or poverty with sport never.
The thief opportunity makes.

Doing good no fears prevent us from should.

Perfectly weary perfectly idle one will be that is.

Danger debt out of of out.

Another's burden feel can none of the weight.

No. 210.—Numerical Enigmas.

The king of a large country in the north-west of Greece. He was killed by a woman.

5, 6, 3, 4, 2, hasten.

1, 6, 3, 4, pussy's song of pleasure.

3, 6, 7, 5, a plant; to move with violence.

1, 4, 2, to look with curiosity.

7, 5, 2, timid; beware your horse does not do it.

The country over which the above reigned.

2, 3, 1, 4, a landing place.

6, 5, 4, 1, certain.

4, 3, 2, 1, mature.

2, 5, 4, 1, innocent, unadulterated.

4, 3, 6, 1, get up.

2, 1, 4, 5, a country in South America.

4, 5, 6, 1, a trick, a stratagem.

6, 3, 4, 1, a title of respect

No. 211.—A Riddle.

The farmer uses me as a hindrance and a protection; I am of interest to those who study heraldry; every seaman dreads me; every reputable lawyer belongs to me, yet

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If he frequents me he ceases to be reputable; to be summoned before me is often a calamity, yet by musicians I am considered a necessity.

No. 212.—Subtractions.

Example: Take fifty from a girdle and leave a wager. Answer: Be-l-t, bet. The subtracted letter is not always in the middle of a word.

Subtract fifty from to stop and leave an article of apparel.

Subtract five hundred from funny and leave a kind of biscuit.

Subtract fifty from a jewel and leave a fruit.

Subtract one from a Scotch lord and leave to stuff with bacon.

Subtract fifty from a small basin and leave a weapon.

Subtract one thousand from a servant and leave to relieve.

Subtract five hundred from a scarcity and leave a planet.

Subtract one thousand from something worn by a person who fences and leave a question.

Liquidations.

When does water resemble a gymnast? When it makes a spring. When does it resemble a horse? When it's in a race. When is it most interesting? When it comes in volumes. When is it right royal? When it reigns (rains). When is it eloquent? When it spouts.

Two Boys In a Boat.

"We are both in the same boat, aren't we?" said one of the two brothers who were condoling over a parental visitation. "Yes," was the reply, "we were, and it was a whaleboat, too, wasn't it?"

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 199.—A Biblical Enigma: "So this Daniel prospered in the reign of Darius and in the reign of Cyrus the Persian."

No. 200.—A Diamond:

C

T H E

M A R R Y

A R T I C L E

C H R I S T I N A

C A N T E R S

G R I E F

A N T

A

No. 201.—Riddle-me-ree: Sphinx.

No. 202.—Astronomical Acrostic: 1. Dubhe. 2. Rigel. 3. Algol. 4. Cetus. 5. Orion. Initials: Draco.

No. 203.—A Puzzle In Fourths: Duck.

No. 204.—Illustrated Diagonal: 1. Condor. 2. Locust. 3. Grouse. 4. Limpet. 5. Spider. 6. Beaver. Diagonal: Cooper.

No. 205.—Grammatical Puzzles:

1. Hoe.
2. Know.
3. Plea.
4. Pray.
5. Gray.
6. Bay.
7. Doe.
8. Pro.
9. Fay.
10. Day.
11. Ray.
12. May.
13. Tea.

1. Hose.
2. Nose.
3. Please.
4. Praise.
5. Graze.
6. Baise.
7. Dose.
8. Prose.
9. Phase.
10. Daze.
11. Raise.
12. Malze.
13. Tease.

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THE YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER'S PAGE.

Nantucket Gingerbread.

There are many receipts for the making of gingerbread, yet the principal ingredients and methods are very much the same. Good materials must be used in its manufacture as well as exact measure in compounding it to insure perfect results. The compound must be left very soft, kneaded only just enough to keep it from sticking to a well flour-ed board, baked in a brisk oven. The so called Nantucket gingerbread is made as follows:

A cupful each of sugar and molasses, a cupful of butter, 2 eggs, a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in a half cupful of warm water, a teaspoonful of salt and the same of ginger. Stir in flour and knead as little as possible. Roll in thin sheets and bake in a brisk oven.

Baked Squash.

Baked squash is not often seen upon the up to date menu, but it is one of the best ways of cooking this winter vegetable. The squash is cut into pieces of the size desired and then peeled and the seeds and soft part removed. It requires from 1 to 1½ hours to bake. Eaten hot, with butter and seasoning, it is a good substitute for sweet potatoes.

Winter squash can also be baked by cutting it into halves and removing the seeds and soft part, then turning the cut side down in a pan to bake. When it is done, scrape the vegetable from the shell and season plentifully with butter, salt and pepper. Squash is drier when baked, and that is the reason this method of cooking is the best.



A RISE IN SPANISH COLONIAL STAMPS.

The demand for Spanish colonial stamps increases as the war continues and the probability that the Philippines, as well as Cuba, will soon change hands. Collectors are willing to pay high prices for the stamps, believing this to be the last opportunity to complete their sets. One wholesale dealer, who probably has the largest stock of Spanish stamps in America, refuses to sell the newspaper colonial stamps at the old prices. He now wants double value for these goods.

Collectors should not pay exorbitant prices for the colonial stamps, in view of the impending changes to take place in the islands. If Spain loses her colonies new stamps will take the place of the present issues and the latter will then be sold to collectors for a mere fraction of their face value. It will therefore pay to wait a few months rather than spend too much money for stamps likely to depreciate in value, even if it be the popular thing to collect them at the present time.

COLUMBIAN VALUES.

While the one dollar value of the Columbus issue still brings from four to six dollars, the higher denominations, unused, continue drugs on the market. One dealer will sell you an unused \$3 Columbian for \$2.80, and a \$4 variety for \$3.75, and still make a profit on his sale. He has evidently been buying them cheap of some discouraged speculator who is the party to lose. The five varieties of the dollar values, used, catalogued at \$23.50 are offered by another concern for \$12.50, or about one half of list price. In wholesale lots the lower values have gone down in price, 15 per cent. of catalogue being about the average price paid at auctions for thousand lots. It is hard to sell the 2c. stamps at any price, or to give them away.

The demand among beginners for Columbus stamps below the 50c. value continues to increase, however, and on 50 per cent. approval sheets the stamps sell rapidly. Before long the over-supply will be worked off through this channel and prices will rise.

NOTICE TO COLLECTORS.

Parties who have retained approval sheets from our Stamp Department over two weeks should return the same at once, as said sheets are overdue. New sheets cannot be sent until former consignments have been returned. If you receive this notice and are not a subscriber to this paper, why not send in your subscription when you return your sheets?

NEW U. S. REVENUES.

The month of July ushers in a new set of revenue stamps to meet the expenses of the government during the continuance of the war. Never before has the United States issued a series of stamps like the present ones in regard to design and the fractional value of several denominations,

and the interest in stamp collecting which this great issue will create will scarcely be surpassed by the Omaha stamps which have just appeared. The principal design of the low values of the document stamps will be that of a second-class battleship, and of the dollar values a figure of Justice. They will consist of the following denominations: 1-2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 25, and 50c., \$1, \$2, \$3, \$5, \$10, and \$50. The proprietary stamps commence with very low values indeed, the series embracing the following: 1-8, 1-4, 3-8, 5-8 of a cent, and 1, 1 1-4, 2, 2 1-2, 4 and 5 cents.

The revenue bill which goes into effect July 1st 1898 places a tax on fifty or more distinct articles, the bulk of it being levied on commercial paper. It will hereafter be necessary to affix revenue stamps to the following articles. We quote from the text of the law:

Bonds, debentures or certificates of indebtedness issued after the 1st day of July, 1898, by any association, company or corporation, on each \$100 of face value or fraction thereof, 5c.

Upon each sale, agreement of sale or agreement to sell any products or merchandise at any exchange or board of trade or other similar place, either for present or future delivery, for each \$100 of value of said sale or agreement of sale or agreement to sell, 1c, and for each additional \$100 or fractional part thereof in excess of \$100, 1c.

Bank check, draft, or certificate of deposit not drawing interest, or order for the payment of any sum of money drawn upon or issued by any bank, trust company, or any party, at sight or on demand, 2c.

Bill of exchange (inland), draft, certificate of deposit drawing interest, or order for the payment of any sum of money otherwise than at sight or on demand or any promissory note except bank notes issued for circulation, and for each renewal of the same, for a sum not exceed-

ing \$100, 2c, and for each additional \$100 or fractional part thereof in excess of \$100, 2c. This also applies to original domestic money orders issued by the government.

Bill of exchange (foreign) or letter of credit (including orders by telegraph or otherwise for the payment of money issued by express or other companies or any person or persons), drawn in but payable out of the United States, shall pay for a sum not exceeding \$100, 4c, and for each \$100 or fractional part thereof in excess of \$100, 4c.

Express and freight—On each bill of lading a stamp of the value of 1c, provided that but one bill of lading shall be required on bundles or packages or newspapers when inclosed in one general bundle at the time of shipment.

A tax is to be placed on telephone messages. Also on bonds for indemnifying any party, and on certificates of profits or any certificate or memorandum showing an interest in the property or accumulations of any concern. Also on contracts for the charter of any ship.

Conveyance—Deed, instrument or writing whereby any lands, tenements or other realty sold shall be granted, assigned, transferred or otherwise conveyed to or vested in the purchaser or purchasers when the consideration exceeds one hundred dollars and does not exceed five hundred, 50c, and for each additional five hundred or fractional part thereof in excess of five hundred, 50c.

Dispatch, telegraphic—Any dispatch or message, 1c.

Entry of any goods, wares or merchandise at any custom house.

Insurance [life]—Policy of insurance, for each one hundred dollars or fractional part thereof, 8c. For fire or marine insurance 1-2c on each one dollar.

Leases and Agreements 25c for time over one year. 50c for time exceeding 3 years.

Mortgage of lands or property, value one thousand dollars and not one thousand five hundred, 25c.

Also on passage ticket, power of attorney, protest, and warehouse receipts.

On medicines which do not exceed at the retail price or value the sum of 5c, 1-8 of 1c; 10c, 1-4; 15c, 3-8; 25c, 5-8; and for each additional 25c of retail price or value or fractional part thereof in excess of 25c, 5-8ths of 1c.

Each box of chewing gum valued at one dollar to be taxed 4c.

Wines, 1c per pint.

Seats in palace cars, 1c per seat.

Mixed flour, 1-2c on one-eighth of a

STAMPS.

To advertise our paper more extensively we have started one of the largest stamp concerns on earth. Buy of the publishers and importers and save other men's profits. Unused 1c and 2c stamps taken in pay.

CATALOGUES ETC. Prices we pay you for U. S. and foreign stamps, illustrated, 5c. Prices paid for all U. S. coins actually worth over face, also colonial pieces etc., new edition, 5c. Cat. stamps of world, 25c. Lists of sets, packets, etc., free. Perforation Gauges, for detecting counterfeits and varieties, 5c. **Blank Approval Sheets**, to hold 20 stamps, cheap grade, 20 for 9c. Best grade onion skin, for 60 stamps each, 10c doz.

ALBUMS. Climax Stamp Album, over 100 pages, illust., 25c. Better paper, 35c. World Stamp Album, to hold over 2000 stamps, illustrated, 18c.

HINGES. Machine-cut, already bent; something new; large box, over 1000, 10c. Gummed paper, large sheet, 4c.

ENVELOPES for stamp packets, printed as in cut, 1 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches, 25 for 7c. 100 23c. Size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, 25 for 9c. 100 29c.

AGENTS WANTED To sell stamps from sheets on 50 per cent. commission. Every new agent will receive a beautiful, illustrated Album containing some foreign stamps, free. Whether you buy stamps yourself or sell to others it costs nothing to become an agent. Send good references.

Dealer's Stocks of stamps and publications, \$1.16 and \$2.65. Approval sheet mixture, 500, \$1.00

Sets Etc. Postage 1c Extra each time you write for anything below.

3c each set: 5 India, 6 Württemberg, 6 Saxony, 3 Bosnia, *6 Saradinia, 8 Japan, 7 Portugal, 3 Peru, *5 Roman States, *5 Switzerland 1878, 3 Chile Telegraph, 3 Austria, 1850, 3 Aust 1858, 3 A 1861, 3 A 1863, 5 Württemberg.

4c each set: 6 Luxemburg, *4 Venezuela, 6 Finland, 6 Sweden Official, 4 Italy Unpaid,

5c each set: 14 Australia, 6 Egypt, *4 Servia, 10 Roumania, 5 Turkey, *5 Swiss Telegraph, 3 Italy Unpaid blue, *3 French Guinea, *3 Guiana, *3 Sudan, *3 Congo, *3 New Caledonia.

8c each set: *5 Bergedorf, 6 Bulgaria.

9c each set: 8 Hungary 1883, 10 Argentine, 5 Austria Unpaid.

10c each set: *3 Corea, *7 Hamb'g Envelopes, 8 Mexican Revenues.

Sets 12c each: *10 Cuba, *8 Honduras 1891, 6 Same '92, 20 Roumania. Also *8 Samoa 13c., 5 Greece Oly'p Games 15c., 2 Japan Silver Wedding 15c., 4 Japan War issue 20c., *7 Thurn & Taxis 24c., *4 New Brunswick 40c. Postage extra *Means unused.

Packets. 105 mixed [some duplicates], Roman States, Constantinople, Porto Rico, Sweden Official, etc., 10c. 1000 mostly Europe, but incl'g Trinidad, Chile, Japan, Jamaica, etc., 40c. 30 diff't U. S. Envel's Depts Columbus, etc., 25c. 100 diff't Shanghai, Straits, Bulgaria, etc., 20c. Catalogues of hundreds of sets etc., free. Great bargains!

Address, A. BULLARD & CO.,

97 PEMBROKE STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

Our Great Distribution of Free Samples.



TO introduce our juvenile magazine, premiums, and novelties, we have decided to give away several thousand packages of **Free Samples**, one package to each person who writes immediately for the same.

Read the instructions below and note contents of each free package, as follows:

100 Foreign Stamps, Japan, etc.
1 Set of 8 Japanese Stamps.

Together with all the following:

1 Stamp Album.

4 Sample Blank Approval Sheets.

1 Sample Gum Paper.

Samples of new Hinge all bent.

1 Perforation Gauge with directions for detecting counterfeits, varieties, etc. Also millimetre scale.

2 Illustrated Price-Lists of stamps, premiums, etc.

All the above are free if you read the following instructions.



Directions for obtaining the foregoing Free Samples:

One package of the above samples is free to each person who fills out the annexed coupon and sends with it only eight cents (coin or stamps) for a three-month's trial subscription to our large, illustrated paper **The Youth's Realm**, and also two 2c stamps to help pay postage and wrapping of samples and papers. This is all necessary to receive the above.

If you want the 10 books advertised elsewhere and **these samples also**, send 35c for a year's subscription to our paper, and send the two 2c stamps extra for postage, as above, and we will mail everything advertised in two separate parcels. Present subscribers must extend their subscriptions to receive the free gifts, stating what month last subscription began.

Don't forget the two 2c stamps. Cut out the coupon now!



COUPON No. 31

Dear Sirs:

Please send free samples and your juvenile publication for three months to—

Name

Town

State

St. or Box

A Bullard & Co., 97 Pembroke Street, Boston, Mass.

barrel.

On tea, 10c per pound, time of importation. It is estimated that a million check stamps will be required daily to supply the demand, and that the number of proprietary stamps used will be enormous. Collectors of revenue stamps will have a new field to revel in as soon as the stamps get circulated pretty generally.

NEW CANADIAN STAMPS.

We have received the new Canadian stamps with changes predicted several months ago. In place of the oak leaves at bottom are figures of the value. The oval, head, and letters are larger than heretofore, and the engraving softer. The effect is more pleasing thereby. All values of the former issue, except the first three, will become rare in a short time, and we advise collectors to hold on to them.

WASHED STAMPS.

As is well known the practice of washing cancelled stamps and selling them over again for unused specimens is carried on to a large extent by dishonest parties who choose this illegitimate way of making a living. The stamps are prepared by secret processes known only to the chemist, use being made of certain bleaching compounds and acids for removing the cancelling ink. The most common method employed is to soak the stamp in a solution of caustic soda and while damp place on blotters and apply heavy pressure which removes the ink. This leaves a grease spot, however, which is afterwards removed by another process.

The "Lone Star State Philatelist" describes two methods of discovering the cancellation marks on stamps which have been chemically cleaned. The first is to photograph the specimens. In the photograph the original cancellation mark usually appears.

The second method, which is the more accurate, consists of plunging the stamp for a few seconds into a boiling solution of five grains of caustic potash in 100 cubic centimeters of a

mixture of equal parts of water and alcohol. The color of the stamp disappears completely; it is then washed in water, next in water acidulated with acetic acid, then in water again and lastly dried. On the discolored face of the stamp the cancellation marks can be discerned very plainly.

THE OMAHA STAMPS.

The beautiful set of stamps to commemorate the Trans Mississippi Exposition now being held at Omaha, Nebraska, were placed on sale about the 15th of June. They consist of the following nine values: 1c dark green; 2c copper-red; 4c orange; 5c dark blue; 8c dark lilac; 10c slate; 50c olive; \$1 black and \$2 light brown.

As will be seen the 3, 6, 15 and 30c values have been omitted, and the \$2 stamp is the highest value. The stamps are beautiful works of art surpassing the Columbus issue in design and coloring. The size is the same as of the Columbus stamps—44x32 1-2 mm. The perforation is 11 1-2. The new stamps are to be used only until December 31st, and will be much sought after.

For the benefit of those who have not seen the stamp we reproduce this month the 3c Canadian envelope which appeared some weeks ago. The stamp has been so severely criticised that we doubt if a new supply will be printed when the quantity on hand, which is very small, is entirely used up. This means a new issue, in all probabilities.



The remainders of the Central American Exposition stamps of Guatemala are offered for sale to the highest bidder, as officially announced in a local paper. Bids close on the 31st of July. There are nearly three million stamps to be sold, and it is probable that one party will purchase the entire lot at a low figure. Twenty-five varieties, including stamps,

envelopes, wrappers and post cards are represented.

It is said that a new issue of stamps has been brought out by Russia.

The domestic rate of letter postage in France has been reduced from 15 centimes to 10c or from 3c to 2c in our money. To use up the present supply of 15c stamps, a quantity have been surcharged in black, 10c.

For printing purposes the 1c domestic post card may be bought in sheets of 40 or 50 of either of two sizes.

The date of the convention of the Dominion Philatelic Association is July 1st and 2d, and the place, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Unused Canadian stamps will no longer be redeemed at 2 per cent. at the Ottawa post office. The department has sent out the following notice:

Post Office Department, Can.
Postage Stamp Branch, Ottawa.

The rate of discount to be hereafter charged for the redemption of unused Canada stamps etc., by this department will be 5 per cent. E. P. Stanton, Superintendent.

KINETOSCOPIC VIEWS Reproducing REAL LIFE As it Appears IN MOTION!

GIVING AWAY

One or more sets of these wonderful views with directions for making them perform the real MOVEMENTS of LIFE and cause a heap of laughter to each person who follows our rules. Each set gives nearly 100 simultaneous life movements just as in a very expensive kinetoscope. The four sets represent the wrestling gladiators, the Yellow Kid, the most realistic hit of all, also the Yankee Cop and the Funny Chinaman. Any set free if you send ten cents for 3-mos. trial subscription to our great paper for young and old, or the four and a yearly sub. for 35c. **Realm**, 97 Pembroke, Boston, Mass.



Where's Mother?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say,
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by:
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again:
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won:
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say:
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands
At the post of duty stands;
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of her children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by:
"Where's mother?"

FOSTER FATHER ROBIN.

"When I was a girl," began grandmother, reflectively polishing her spectacles with a fine cambric handkerchief, deeply edged with old lace; "when I was a girl a high lilac bush grew close to the sunny side of our home in Oxford, and for two seasons a pair of robins and a pair of chippy birds built their nests in the bush and there raised their young. The robins nested in the highest clump of lilac branches, where a great cluster of the delicate purple blossoms burst into bloom each May, just high enough from the ground to be out of reach. The chippies made their summer home in a shady little nook of the bush but on the side opposite to the robins' nest."

Grandmother paused and looked musingly out of the frosty window, beyond which a snowstorm fluttered waywardly.

"It was thirty years ago," she continued, fingering a half-knit mitten that clung to its triangular frame of needles in her lap; "I was in delicate health that spring and often sat basking in the sun that shone through the window by the lilacs. One bright afternoon I was startled from a day-dream by a most surprising chattering from the lilac bush. I knew that the chippies had nested and hatched a brood and that the mother robin was setting on five bluish eggs, but the voice was unmistakably that of the father robin. Peering through the green leaves carefully, would you believe it? I saw the father robin feeding the young chippies, while his mate remained quietly on her nest some five feet away. Well, all that day and all of many days thereafter I watched the foster father robin feed the poor little orphans. Regularly every twenty minutes he would fill their gaping yellow mouths with worms and he kept this up after his own children had hatched

and until the chippies were grown enough to fly and forage for themselves. I never saw the parent chippy birds again, but I have a suspicion that our sly old tomcat knew the secret of their disappearance, and I fear that he ate some of the orphaned birds later in the season," and the old lady sighed as in memory of many things.

Perhaps the best part of this story is that it is true.

"Goose-Cutting,"

Another game, that of "goose-cutting," has been added to the long list in vogue at social gatherings. The hostess provides a well-drawn outline of a goose, which is usually of red cloth, or, if made of paper, is colored red or black. This is merely for the purpose of distinctness. Two pairs of scissors are provided and a number of sheets of plain brown paper. Each gentleman invites a lady to cut a goose with him and in turn these couples are seated back to back in two chairs in the centre of the room. When the model goose has been studied, the pair are blindfolded, and proceed to evolve with their scissors and sheet of paper copies of the fowl. Having finished, each paper is duly signed by its creator and laid aside. Great merriment is always aroused by the process of cutting, as the pair work in full view of the rest of the company. When finished, all the results are laid out on the parlor floor, names down, and two judges, who have not been present at the cutting, pass upon the merits of the geese submitted and prizes reward the worker's according to their merits.

A Distinguished Guest.

In the zoological garden at Breslau is one of the two shabrack tapirs known to have been born in captivity in Europe. The little animal is only a few days old. It is spotted like a fawn, but otherwise looks much like a baby elephant, excepting that it isn't much larger than a good-sized cat. The mother of the rare infant came from Farther India, where it lived in seclusion near the water. The wild tapir generally sleeps during the day and forages for food at night. It feeds on grass and other vegetable substances, and finds its long proboscis very useful in rooting in the earth for food. A full-grown Indian tapir sometimes measures seven to eight feet in length, and somewhat resembles the hog in its form and habits.

The Game of Prisoner.

An interesting game when young folk come together is the escape from prison.

It requires children who are clever in geography. It is a lesson in the disguise of pleasure.

The game proceeds after this fashion: A map is held by the judge, usually a grown person or an older child. Then two children are chosen and placed in separate corners.

Says the judge: "Now, Carrie, you represent New York in this corner, and, Richard, you are in Moscow, imprisoned; you want to get away and reach home by Thanksgiving day. You have gotten from behind the walls, but what is your most direct route home?"

Then Richard has to tell each sea, country and ocean he crosses to get home for the turkey and cranberry sauce. If he can't do it successfully he must remain right on the spot in the floor where he stopped until he thinks out his escape.

Other members of the game are placed in prisons at various parts of the country. The favorite jails are now located in China and Japan on account of the interest aroused during the late war. A leading question is: "If you were put in a Yokohama prison, how would you get back to Peking?"

Soon the room becomes filled with prisoners, all trying to get home. Half of them are "stalled" in the center trying to think of the boundary line which brings freedom; others are just leaving the prison walls.

When the game has been played frequently, those who join in get very familiar with the junction of countries, and learn many straight lines and clever jumps that had not appeared feasible before. For those who are not quite conversant with geography, easy tasks are given; for instance, to be placed in a Paris prison and find their home in Boston.

TYPEWRITER 20c

If you read every word of this genuine offer. The Gem Typewriter being patterned after the \$100 machine will do the best work of any low-priced typewriter. It will write on any kind of paper, on packages, or books. It is self-inking, easy to operate, and will last a life time. This machine costs us more than 20c, but if you will send us 55c, you will receive our charming magazine 12 mos., (35c a year is the regular rate,) and also this wonderful typewriter. Machine alone cannot be sold by us for less than 50c. Therefore we make the above offer merely to advertise our great paper. **Realm, Sta. A, Boston.**

Detective We want a man in every locality to act as private Detective under instructions. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. **Universal Detective Agency, Indianapolis, Indiana.**

105 Stamps, Java, Congo, etc., hinge paper, fine album, 5c. Latest list free. Every new agent gets an illustrated album containing some foreign stamps free. **BULLARD & Co., 97 Pembroke St., Boston, Mass.**

BOOKS FREE. Ten books are given away free to each person, as explained on another page of this paper. This offer is for you!

START A STAMP OR STORY PAPER Of your OWN for \$1.00 and make MONEY. Advertising will run it.

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1000 trade cuts and book illustrations for use of patrons. We print books, magazines and papers. Write at once for particulars. Address **Maximus Publishing House, 446 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.**

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IN ONE HOUR by our new, wonderful system, the easiest, fastest and

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